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THE HERO.

DETECTIVE JOSEPH GUARNIERI of the New York Police Force is dead, shot in the performance of his duty while trying to capture a desperate fugitive in a dark room. His name will be engraved on a tablet in the rotunda at Police Headquarters. A battalion of Honor Legion men will escort his body to the grave.

We know he is a hero—now he is dead.

Three years ago this same detective was shot, also in the performance of his duty, during a police battle with thugs. Four bullets found him and left him with four serious wounds—but he didn't die. Since then, as a consequence of those wounds, he has been obliged to undergo four operations—at his own expense. When he got his pay envelope two days before he was killed he managed to settle the final bill entailed by these operations. It was his last act and it is paid. But it leaves his widow and three children nothing.

While Guarnieri lived and struggled with shattered health, surgeons' bills, the support of his family and his duties on the Police Force, he wasn't enough of a hero to be made a member of the Honor Legion.

Now that he has given the last beat of his heart to the service, the Honor Legion at its next meeting will stand in silence for thirty seconds "as a tribute to the spirit of Guarnieri who knew no fear."

Does heroism begin where it ends?

Brave in Lead for Police Head.—Headline.
Which reminds us—how does the Chamberlain pronounce his name? We thought we were all right till somebody called it "Bewery."

THE PROGRESS OF POPULAR OPERA.

THAT the cheaper seats, costing from 25 cents to \$1, have been sold out for over 90 per cent. of 220 performances is the best proof that Popular Opera in English at the Century Opera House has scored a success during its first season. The management can feel proud of these figures than of a whole scrap-book full of names of jeweled box parties.

If the Century Opera House is attracting thousands of New Yorkers who like good music and are eager to learn to know the best operas at prices they can afford, then this interesting institution in Central Park West is doing exactly what everybody hoped it would do.

That it will do better still next year there is every reason to believe. People nowadays hear music of all kinds before they are out of their cradles. Phonographs and self-playing pianos attend to that. If hearing much music develops a taste for better music, it is not surprising that to-day young people, before they have ever heard opera, discuss it with amazing discrimination in terms of phonograph records.

More people than ever before go to opera to hear instead of merely to be "among those present." Audiences in this city are more and more intelligent, increasingly desirous of understanding what they listen to. It is with an eye on such audiences that the Century Opera management should continue to set its prices, enlarge its capacity and maintain its standards.

A New Haven doctor figures that the average office boy by dragging his feet makes his muscles move about twenty pounds every time he takes a step, and thus wastes as much energy in walking about the office each day as would be needed to shovel fifteen tons of coal. In springing this on the office boy, begin by asking him if he doesn't feel overworked.

WOMEN OF THE I. W. W.

TWO WOMEN in this city profess themselves ardent helpers in the I. W. W. cause. One is the Secretary of the society, loves the hard work of her position and says she would rather hold down the job she has than "sit in the seats of the mighty." The other is a well-to-do designer of millinery in a Fifth Avenue shop who lives luxuriously, spends her money on fashionable clothes and yet earnestly maintains that "we must recognize our responsibility for all men." She marched with Tannenbaum at the head of each demonstration of the unemployed.

These two women, who state their case in their own words in the Sunday World Magazine to-morrow, deplore violence and yet regard Tannenbaum as a hero. One of the two even goes so far as to declare that "employers have no rights which workers are bound to respect."

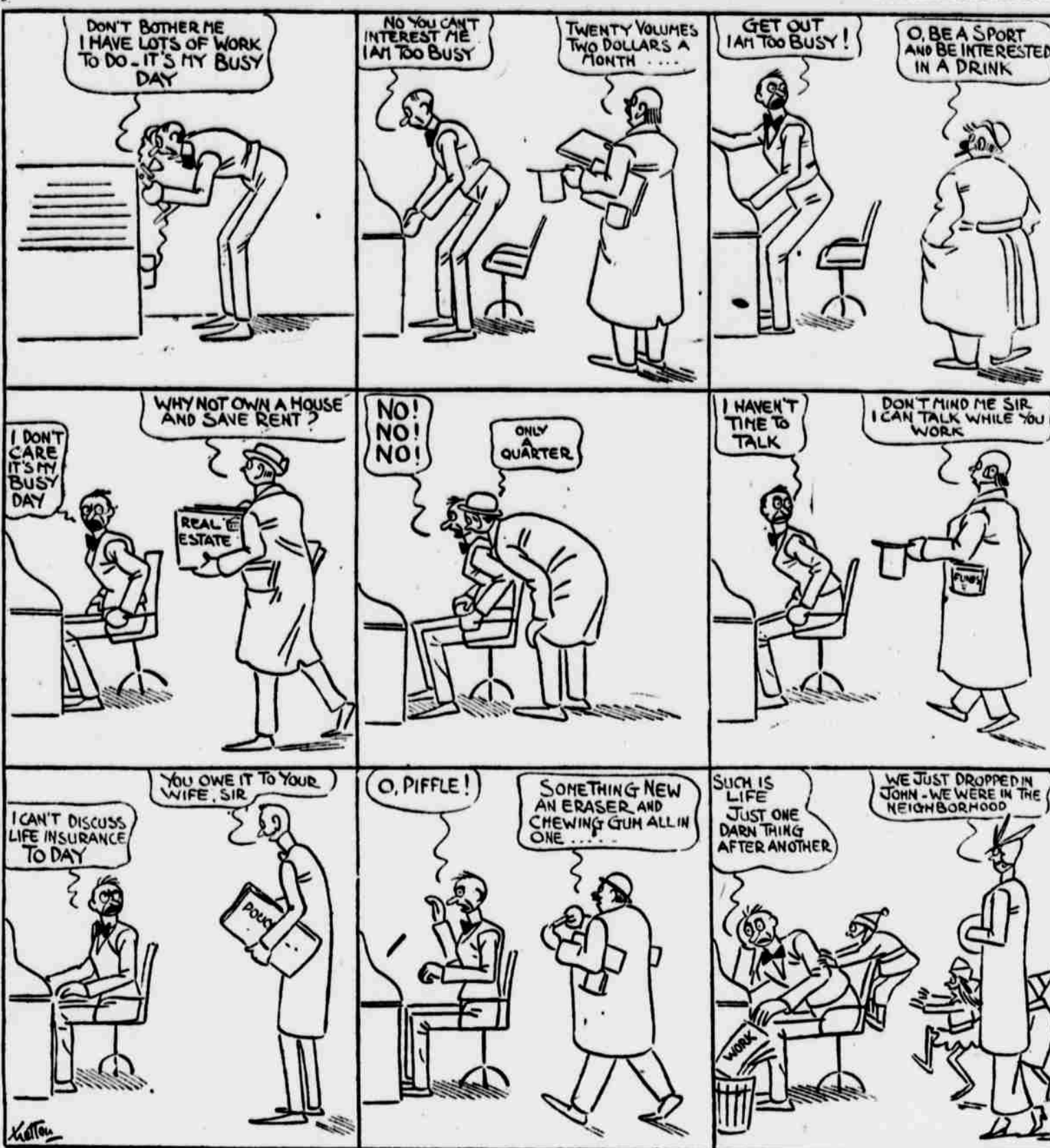
As a sign of the times, all reasoning of this sort is worth examining. It would be profoundly interesting to know just what was in the mind of the man who helped his starving brethren to raid a bank—with \$750 buttoned tight in his pocket.

Four ladies of snow up-State.—News Item.
Down, but we're no spring to open hosiery.

Such Is Life!

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By Maurice Ketten



Chapters From a Woman's Life

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By Dale Drummond

CHAPTER XIII.

GERTIE CUMMINGS came in the next morning on her way to market, and I told her of our going to the moving pictures.

"We often go," she laughed. "Clifton says they 'rest him,' and that he'd rather see a good picture show than a poor play."

"But the audience at the theatre interests me almost as much as the play," I told her. "And I can't say that I care much for the people or the style one sees at the movies."

"Well, we married women have to go pretty near where our husbands feel like taking us. Have you ever thought of it, Sue? We work all day, too, but they decide whether we shall go out or stay in, where we shall go and when. Oh, how I wish I had been born a man!"

"But just think of the women whose marriage is not a success; who do not get along with their husbands, and are also in moderate circumstances. Why, then they haven't anything! You and Clifton, like Jack and I, are happy together."

Yet, as I said it I knew that marriage was beginning to look like a very stupid thing to me. The daily planning to make ends meet; the longing for luxury—a longing that I encouraged instead of stifling, by dwelling on my desires, was doing its work. Then always I had the feeling that did he wish Jack could at any time alter our financial condition by buying stocks. That he

Hits From Sharp Wits.

Many a man fails to "get there" because he cannot distinguish between where and there.

Sometimes it is very hard to distinguish between footprints on the sands of time and the footprints of beach combers.—Deseret News.

The chronic knocker is also an optimist. It seems, because nothing daunts him enough to make him stop knocking.—New Orleans States.

Sometimes a man who has burned his bridges behind him has to swim for dear life.

There is a great deal of talk about things that would go without saying.

Some men who aim high don't know how to shoot.—Albany Journal.

Many people's aim in life is to hit a moving target rather than some particular object.—Deseret News.

The greatness of a man may be determined by how long he harbors a grudge.—Baltimore American.

But the bliss that comes of ignorance is not enviable.

Remorse afflicts few wrongdoers who are not found out.

What is called a necessary evil is one that cannot be abolished. No evil is necessary.—Albany Journal.

Jerusalem's Sealed "Golden Gate";

Scene of the First Palm Sunday

should be so particular about keeping that silly agreement—a verbal one, he had told me—always exaggerated me, and gave me an excuse for any extravagance of which I was guilty. You see, we have had a would-be able to come up here. Do make Jack take it.

"I wish he would, Gertie. But I'm afraid he will feel that he can't this year. You see, we have had so much extra expense that he feels as poor as can be—almost as poor as the church mouse." How I wish I were able to take it myself, Gertie. But I haven't a cent of my own.

"No more have I! But try, anyway, Sue. Perhaps Jack only THINKS

he can't afford it. A good many men are like that. I finished, and I said nothing, knowing better than Jack did how little we could afford to take on any extra expense.

"To return to Mrs. Somers, Gertie. You will have to help me out. I MUST do something! She gave the baby that lovely robe, you know, and sent her machine two or three times when mother was here for her to take a ride. Jack would say to have them here, but I just WON'T have them climb those awful stairs."

"Those stairs seem a sort of an obsession with you."

"They are! I tell you what I'll do! I will telephone her I am going to give her and another friend I want her to meet a little informal luncheon at—oh! where shall I say? Where it is not too expensive! I really ought not to do it, but it is the only way," I sighed.

"Why not go to the Luster or the Blumfeld? It doesn't cost a bit more than at a restaurant and looks a little more—well, select. Don't you think so?" she wondered.

"Yes—perhaps. But you will have to help me with the menu, Gertie. I have never ordered in a public place. You see, Jack has always been with me, and he knows so well what to do."

"I have been out a good deal, Sue, and I guess between us we will get along all right. When are you going to ask her?"

"Right away! I'm ashamed now I have waited so long, but I did not explain that if I waited later in the month I would not have the money."

"Very well. Let me know when it is to come off, and I will play a sly one on all I can, as well as eat your luncheon." And she left me.

The next morning I telephoned Mrs. Somers.

"Oh, how nice!" she returned, "but I must come again soon to see you. I am wild to see the baby. I was so sorry you were out when I called." Then, again, "Thank you so much for the luncheon invitation. What time?"

"One o'clock," I replied, and "I am so glad you are disengaged," not acknowledging even to myself that I had vaguely hoped she might decline, so I might have the credit without the expense of entertaining. And then she had said she was coming anyway. So she would have to climb the stairs. Well, I would be out to her, when she came, and Jack MUST take that apartment. There was no other way.

Should I tell Jack about my luncheon party? I wondered as we sat cozily together after the dinner was cleared away and the baby had gone to sleep. No, I decided. I will tell him after it's all over. Then he can't tell me not to do it or say anything to spoil my mood time.

As he went to the drugstore to get something we needed for the baby I called:

"Please stop at Mrs. Banks's. Jack and tell her to be sure to come to me on Thursday."

"I thought Monday and Tuesday were her days," he called back.

"They are. But I want to go down-town with Gertie Cummings Thursday and she will have to stay with Emma," I purposely conveyed the idea that I was going with Gertie, instead of the fact that she was my invited guest.

SUNDAY AND JERUSALEM.

Slowly the procession came around the southern end of the Mount of Olives, with the gorge of the Kedron to the south, until the wonderful city of Jerusalem burst into view. Then, descending into the valley, Jesus entered the city through this gate in the midst of a cheering multitude of people who waved their palm branches before Him. Just as the sun was setting behind the hills He found His way to the temple. He sought not a waiting throne, but a quiet place for worship. Then in the hush of the evening, refusing to give any encouragement to the selfish material hopes of the populace, He quietly returned to His humble home in Bethany.

The gate, as we see it to-day, is entirely sealed. Many hundred years after Christ had passed through it the city fell into the hands of the Turks, and it was their belief and fear that our Lord Jesus was about to return, and re-enter the city through this gate. It was not their will that He do this, and they believed that by sealing it up in this manner His coming would be prevented. And so it remains to this day—the Sealed Golden Gate, the most remarkable and interesting Biblical landmark in the world.



SUNDAY AND JERUSALEM.

ON Palm Sunday each year the minds of millions of Christians the world over are occupied with thoughts of this scene in Jerusalem.

On the eastern spur of the Mount of Olives lies the little town of Bethany, a few furlongs away from Jerusalem. On the memorable morning of His entrance into the city Jesus secured near Bethany the donkey upon which He made his memorable journey to Jerusalem. The occasion was the feast of the Passover, and pilgrims from Persia, Galilee, and Eastern Judea, the localities in which His ministry had been performed, accompanied Him upon the journey. As they beheld him riding on an ass (the royal beast in the days of David) the hopes of the multitude were suddenly revived. Quickly the news of His coming spread through the long lines of pilgrims; those ahead tore palm branches from the trees by the wayside, while others spread their garments and cloaks along the way on which He was to pass, while they all joined in a triumphant song: "Hosanna to the son of David! Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!"

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WHAT EVERY WOMAN THINKS.

BY HELEN ROWLAND.

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As to Husbands—Wise and Otherwise.

LOOK! whispered the Bachelor to the Philosopher-ess as a little woman passed them with a large, florid, genital-looking man in tow. "Look—and behold the eighth Wonder of the World—an ideal husband!"

"Gracious!" exclaimed the Philosopher-ess, lifting her lorgnettes and turning to stare after the phenomenon; "I thought they were all dead!"

"This is exactly what I remarked when you pointed me out an 'ideal wife' week ago," rejoined the Bachelor. "But now I can match you!"

"Go on," said the Philosopher-ess, leaning back resignedly and stirring her tea. "I always did love fairy tales. I suppose you are going to say that he hasn't a sin, nor a club, nor a folly in all the world; that he never sowed a wild oat, nor smoked a cigarette, nor took a cocktail, nor stayed out after half-past eight in all his life; that, in short, he is a reincarnation of Mary's Little Lamb with frills and variations and—"

"Nothing of the kind!" broke in the Bachelor desperately. "He's a hardened old 'black sheep' if there ever was one, a dyed-in-the-wool club-man."

"What!" The Philosopher-ess sat up interestedly.

"An inveterate smoker," continued the Bachelor calmly. "A buyer of wine and scotch of water and an all-around 'good fellow' in the fullest sense of the term. But he understands the gentle art of ruling a woman and making her happy at the same time—and that's what I call an 'ideal husband.'"

"A Set of Blinders for Hubby."

"NDED!" purred the Philosopher-ess in a voice like ice trickling down the spine. "You interest me strangely."

"Yes," proceeded the Bachelor cheerfully. "You see, he has never been known to LOOK at another woman when his wife was present! He couldn't even SEE a pretty girl if you showed her to him through a magnifying glass. He couldn't be made to acknowledge a chance, or a beauty or a virtue in any woman except his wife if you explained them to him with a diagram. He could walk right through a Broadway chorus and not even know they were there. He thinks everything his wife does is perfect, everything she wears is entrancing and everything she says is cute and brilliant, and—"

"How perfectly heavenly!" exclaimed the Philosopher-ess, with a sigh of enthusiasm. "What a darling!"

"I'm not!" remarked the Bachelor, non-committally. "A real 'darling!' Never gets up with a grouse, never fails to kiss his wife tenderly when he goes out in the morning, never neglects to send her roses on her birthday and the wedding anniversary—and never comes home until he gets ready, nor does anything else but what he pleases. She knows it's no use to quarrel with him, because he'll only smile and kiss her—and stay out late the next evening. In short, he has put her on a pedestal and KEEPS her there!"

"Well," sighed the Philosopher-ess, thoughtfully, "there's a lot of comfort in having a husband who thinks you are the only woman in the world, and lets you know it. It's an inspiration to cook and sew and keep your hair curled for a man who takes the trouble to thank you and compliment you and look at you once in a while. A woman will wear frills and lace to the bone for the kind of man who tells her that she 'looks pretty' leaning over a washtub, and that nobody's biscuits ever approached ambrosia as hers do. But the average husband tucks all his pretty compliments and tender nothings away in a pigeonhole right after the honeymoon, and never takes them out again until he becomes a widower."

Flattery as a Gilt-Edged Investment.

"YES," agreed the Bachelor, with a thoughtful pull at his cigarette. "It's astonishing how few of them seem to realize what a good investment a little cheap flattery is. A chap can drudge all day at the office for a woman, and then come home and make himself such a pest and a nuisance around the house all evening that she'll forget he has just paid for her two-thousand-dollar necklace; while another fellow can slay out gambling away his money until midnight, and then come in with a fifteen-cent bunch of violets and a good excuse and a lot of ready-made flattery, and his wife will be overcome with gratitude. It's all a matter of putting her on a pedestal. If a man makes his wife think that she is a combination cook, angel, beauty and maid-of-all-work she'll try to be all those things. If he crowns her with a halo she'll try to keep it on straight. As you said yourself, thoughts are things. And a wife can be almost anything her husband THINKS she is."

"And that's why so many married women are such colorless, uninteresting, spineless, helpless little nonentities!" exclaimed the Philosopher-ess. "What!"

"That's why so many women get dowdy and careless after marriage," repeated the Philosopher-ess. "That's why they stop curling their hair, and let their shoes run down at the heel, and wear unbecoming hats, and get worry wrinkles in their brows!"

"You mean their husbands THINK they're like that?" inquired the Bachelor.

"I mean their husbands don't think about them at all," retorted the Philosopher-ess. "The average man's wife is like his top hair or his teeth. He never gives her a thought as long as she's THERE! He never notices her clothes unless there's a button off or a book loose, nor hears her conversation unless it annoys him, nor observes her actions, except to criticize them."

"Then you really think a chap can be a 'good fellow' and a good husband at the same time?" queried the Bachelor anxiously.

"No-o-o," answered the Philosopher-ess, thoughtfully. "But it doesn't matter so much what a husband does. It's the things he leaves undone and unsaid that make married life so long and dreary!"

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